





## ROCKEFELLER IS THE MIDAS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Here Is a Man Who Cannot Turn Around Without Making Money.

WILL BE WORTH \$500,000.

HIS ENORMOUS INCOME.	
Present Fortune,	\$200,000,000.00
Annual Income,	12,000,000.00
Monthly,	1,000,000.00
Daily,	41,095.00
Hourly,	1,712.24
Every Minute, Every day in the Year,	26.54
Every Second of His Life,	0.48
\$500,000.00.	

He Is One of the Four Richest Men Now on the Globe.

FRUGAL AND ABSTEMIOUS.

He Fixes the Prices of Oil and Iron, Manipulates Many Markets, Changes Railway and Steamboat Rates and Builds Universities.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.  
NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—Think of taking a 10-minute nap and waking up richer by \$285,40 than when you fell asleep—not the potential sort all over the world, including combinations of men and millions that have been created by the great business men in the metropolis, Cleveland, O., and up the Hudson; steam yachts, costing a fortune to construct and another fortune to maintain; the great hotel magnates, the great pink next door to his residence on a fashionable street, private swimming pools, tennis courts, golf links, tennis courts, Turkish baths, and the like, and the masseuse attendant's—all like a veritable prince of the realm. Yet so quiet, so exclusive, so absent from the public eye, that he is known to but a few of the hundreds of thousands who knew his name know the man.

He is wholly unassuming in dress and manner, a simple, unpolished and always sneaks in low, well-modulated tones. His close-cropped hair reveals a head of hair that is well kept, with signs of strength and care. Among his intimates, though they are very few comparatively, is a cousin, among business acquaintances a firm self-styled millionaire, and a few others. No jewelry to speak of, the plainest of plain dark crystals, neatly polished shoes, a black coat, a white shirt, a dark tie, a wide, broad forehead, and drooping eyelids. He strides along in a determined way, neither fast nor slow. His vast possessions no man can estimate, excepting, perhaps, very few. They are supposed to run about like this:

Standards	Oil stock	\$50,000.00
Premium	35,000.00	
Real estate	18,000.00	
Land Trust	15,000.00	
Iron mines	16,000.00	
Railroad stocks and bonds	25,000.00	
Gas and electric lights and power	5,000.00	
Sugar Trust stock	8,000.00	
Bank stock		
Manufactured Gas stock and bonds	3,000.00	
Steamship Lines	2,000.00	
Mines in the West	5,000.00	
Wire Trust	2,000.00	
Miscellaneous	21,500.00	
Total	\$200,000.00	

One reason why, one, not even Midas himself, can tell how much he is worth, is because of the fluctuations of his various stocks. Presently he will be up to \$200,000, marking \$40,000 profit in three months. The oil men, meaning the Rockefellers principally, have been getting into stock, and the price of the Hudson is up after the Haymarket fire. So it is fair to assume that most of that tremendous wealth is in the pockets of William and John D. Rockefeller.

"Who is this twentieth century Midas?" "John D. Rockefeller."

"Do you mean to say that any living man is an income like that?"

"Well, that is as near as anybody can reckon, for on the witness stand one John D. Rockefeller said that he could not tell within ten or twelve million dollars how much he was worth. He couldn't afford to take the time to count it."

Here is the "man" of this man as accurately as anybody can estimate it:

Present fortune	\$200,000,000.00
Annual income	12,000,000.00
Monthly income	1,000,000.00
Daily income	41,095.00
Hourly income	1,712.24
Incomes in millions	28.54

In a year, he will have \$200,000,000. Income every second of his life.

Twenty years from now, if his millions increase at the rate of twelve millions per annum, this man will be worth \$500,000,000.

Then every tick of the clock will mark an additional \$120,000,000.

Not a drop of any alcoholic liquid is served, for the family is rigidly opposed to wine and beer. The dinner is rigidly opposed to oysters, soup, a roast, vegetables and pudding, with coffee and lemon water.

At 8 o'clock the family rise and go into the drawing room. There are four pianos in the house, for Mr. Rockefeller is a man of taste, and an amateur, and an extravagance even if he had a piano in every room, and an organ, too. After his daughter has played some classical selections, Mr. Rockefeller will take his dinner. He is no mean performer, though he makes no pretense of being a finished musician. The organ has tinkled to all its sweet cathedral chimes. This is bedtime. The members of the household bid one another good night, and retire to their several rooms.

Long practice has enabled John D. Rockefeller to write his autograph on a check at ready filled out, in a little less than three seconds. Thus, if he wished to sign away his wealth, he would have to write John D. Rockefeller's checks directly, and the dollars apiece. If he stopped to cough, the next check would have to be raised to six or eight dollars, and so on, until he got rid of his wealth as rapidly as it poured upon him.

Strange to say, not ten men will recognize this tall man of Pennsylvania Dutch descent, whose face shows the heavy lines and permanent nose that are characteristic of that race, which walks up and down known thoroughfare in America. Yet no one by common consent the richest man on this continent and one of the four richest in the world, and the depository of the table army of men fixes the prices of such staples as oil and iron, manipulates the

entire reputation. Mrs. Myers is a member of the Cook Avenue, M. E. Church, and when she visited Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Otto, she made a present of a large sum of money to the poor.

She is a widow, and her husband, John D. Rockefeller, died.

Soon after 5 o'clock Midas is at home again in the mansion he purchased of C. P. Morgan, the architect, for \$100,000. There is an elevator running from cellar to roof, so that he need not trudge up the stairs. He is at an altitude of 1,000 feet. Dine at 7 o'clock. Not a drop of any alcoholic liquid is served, for the family is rigidly opposed to wine and beer. The dinner is rigidly opposed to oysters, soup, a roast, vegetables and pudding, with coffee and lemon water.

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Now did Mr. Myers enjoy Sunday at his own fireside. It was not until Monday morning that husband and wife were reunited. The cause of the separation was simple enough, though painful. Mr. Myers was prisoner at the Fourth District Police Station, and the worst of it was that he was a prisoner on the complaint of a woman.

Mr. Myers is a member of Painters and Decorators Union, No. 12. The union has a shop at Ninth and Locust streets, and the prosecuting witness, who so cleverly evaded the county officers, has not turned to St. Louis, and Prosecuting Attorney John D. Rockefeller, said he would have to appear in court.

"I am the man about 9 o'clock," said Mr. Myers to a Post-Dispatch reporter, and walked over to Broadway to do some shopping. He had a bill of \$100,000,000. He accused Emery of robbing him, and was bitter in denouncing him. The disappearance of Collins has caused many miseries.

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## REV. DR. BOYD AND HIS NEW CHOIR.

Pastor of Second Baptist Church Illustrates His Sermon With Musical Selections From Mendelssohn's Cantata.

Rev. W. W. Boyd of the Second Baptist Church is elated at the success of the first of his series of lectures on Elijah, Sunday night.

In it he tested the power of interwoven oratory and music and believes he has opened a field hitherto untried in a church service in St. Louis.

The Second Baptist Church seats 1342 persons. Sunday night all of the pews were filled and many persons stood in the aisles, both in the main auditorium and in the gallery. Dr. Boyd gives his new choir full charge for the present.

His lecture on Elijah was illustrated by passages from Mendelssohn's great cantata, sung by William Porteous, Mrs. Georgia Lee Cunningham, Charles Humphreys and Miss Jessie Hale.

As the preacher rounded out a climax the choir would come in with a theme from the cantata illustrating the idea he had just expressed in words.

In a chat with a Post-Dispatch reporter Monday morning Dr. Boyd said:

"I have been lecturing on Elijah to illustrate the function of the choir in church worship. Mendelssohn, in his oratorio, has made Elijah the central figure. I have interpreted it from a religious point of view.

I found that the two interpretations coincided and that a stronger presentation of the subject could be made if the choir were given by combining the two interpretations than by submitting to my hearers either of them separately.

"My idea of church music is that each service should be a unity from the prelude to the postlude and that both the music and the sermon should be equally important.

Music appeals to the sensibilities as well as the intellect. It is a universal language.

In a person one can understand music but not understand my language he would understand the music.

"There are people who do not seem able to receive religious impressions from a speaker, but will be compelled by a singer. This is the reason evangelists like Moody have such success.

"The effect of music is the same when it is taken out of the realm of evangelism as when it is taken out of the church. The musical programme should be varied as to meet the needs of every class of auditors. There are some to whom congregational singing is the best, but there are others who prefer the musical education of their children and contribute freely to musical institutions. There are others who are not willing to support a good musical equipment in the churches, where people may listen without money and without price.

"I am only a woman," she writes, "and I don't see why I should bear the blame alone. He has helped to make me what I am. Emil and my husband, and I am the only man I ever loved. I am not ashamed to say I still love him and that I always shall. I do not believe in hypnotism, neither do his people, but they have told him to say that and hope the plea will clear him. He was attracted either by his love for me or by my money—I don't know which now. Once I thought it was love."

Then she tells of her meeting with Emil and their marriage as follows:

"Two years ago I had a furnished house at 1602 Pine street and a photograph gallery at 1606 Franklin avenue. I had \$200 in bank and was engaged to a man named Emil. I met Emil about this time and loved him from the first. He was then engaged to a prostitute, and he and I forbade her as did the letter carrier.

"He at once asked me for money and I gave him all I had. Then he coaxed me to sell the house and gallery and I did. Finally he wanted me to go with him to Chicago, and I agreed, providing he marry me. We were married at Belleville, and when we went to St. Louis, Emil took him from me. A few days later he came back to me in Chicago. Then he did not try to work and depended upon me to support him. I loved him and I did so. After awhile we returned to St. Louis, and I sold my house and my gallery and even my jewelry for him and at last there was no money left. Then he told me how to make some, and I did as he said.

"He was arrested and while I was in jail he ran away.

"He was not so successful with the police who arrested him and sent him upon the negro 'skinned over' a fence."

"He was released and I was not sooner free than he came around again, crying and begging me to help him.

"After that I began inserting those matrimonial advertisements in the paper and went to Emil. I had one man, who wrote me love letters, send me a mandolin, which I gave to Emil. Another sent me a box of cigars. Emil sent another man to open all my letters, and when the dupe would send me money orders I would endorse them over to him.

"He wrote many advertisements and inserted them in newspapers. The Federal authorities have proof of all this and he is in jail now.

"The policeman said he did not know who was the 'dar' (darling). The negro over the fence he'd a dun shooted him, she said.

"No, he would have no authority to shoot me, he was not holding a piece of meat," said Judge Murphy.

"You doesn't know dat dar pleeceman, Judge. Ah know dat copper. Why, Judge, any d—d piece of meat wud shoot a boy out. Dey doesn't keer 'bout thorry. Ah'll tell you how it is, Judge. De nigger whut dun dat, he wud be skinned over. Ah know dat copper couldn't ketch him. He hed too keech some one, so he nailed him. Dats de troot. Didn't dat white man he couldn't have no grub, an' Ah hed no good chance. Ah know dat wud be skinned over. Ah know dat man muver, but Ah was wukkin' in what Ah ud want ter etek er steak fur."

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"The policeman said he did not know who was the 'dar' (darling). The negro over the fence he'd a dun shooted him, she said.

"No, he would have no authority to shoot me, he was not holding a piece of meat," said Judge Murphy.

"You doesn't know dat dar pleeceman, Judge. Ah know dat copper. Why, Judge, any d—d piece of meat wud shoot a boy out. Dey doesn't keer 'bout thorry. Ah'll tell you how it is, Judge. De nigger whut dun dat, he wud be skinned over. Ah know dat copper couldn't ketch him. He hed too keech some one, so he nailed him. Dats de troot. Didn't dat white man he couldn't have no grub, an' Ah hed no good chance. Ah know dat wud be skinned over. Ah know dat man muver, but Ah was wukkin' in what Ah ud want ter etek er steak fur."

"Mr. Brown's logic and eloquence might have been the cause of the Judge's leniency and doubled his punishment.

"After that I began inserting those matrimonial advertisements in the paper and went to Emil. I had one man, who wrote me love letters, send me a mandolin, which I gave to Emil. Another sent me a box of cigars. Emil sent another man to open all my letters, and when the dupe would send me money orders I would endorse them over to him.

"He was released and I was not sooner free than he came around again, crying and begging me to help him.